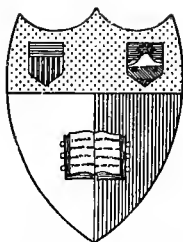




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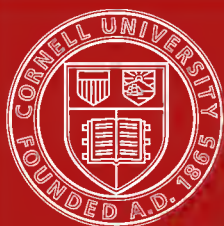


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THE TEMPEST

William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

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HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE
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WITH INTRODUCTION

BY

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The Tempest

INTRODUCTION

DATE

THOUGH the exact year of the production of this play cannot be absolutely determined, critics are now almost universally agreed in placing it among the last of Shakespeare's compositions. Among the evidence which has been produced as bearing on the question may be cited Gonzalo's forecast of his policy as king of the island in Act II. scene i. which is taken almost directly from Montaigne, whose work was translated by Florio and published in 1603. Shakespeare is known to have had a copy of this book, and thus 1603 is obtained as the earliest date at which the play could have been written. Secondly, Ben Jonson has been supposed to allude to the *Tempest* in his celebrated passage in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 'If there be never a Servant-Monster in the Fair, who can help it (he says) nor a nest of Anticks? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests and such-like Drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels.' *Bartholomew Fair* was produced in 1614, which is thus the latest date at which the *Tempest* could have been written. Thirdly, a book entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with divers others*, 1610, written by Silvester Jourdain, has been thought to have some bearing on the question. The writer gives an account of a terrible storm by which they were cast on an enchanted island, where they found to their surprise 'the ayre so temperate and the country so abundantly fruitfull of all fit necessities for the sustentation and preservation of man's life' that they spent nine months in very fair comfort.

The Tempest.

There are certain parallels which may be detected in his narrative with phrases in the *Tempest*. Though it had little influence on the scheme of the play, it is certainly probable that Shakespeare had read this work, and it is quite possible that he may have been impelled to write a play on the subject of a storm and an enchanted island at the time when this account was received with so much favour. Accepting this, 1610-11 would be the date to which this play must be set down, and this entirely agrees with the internal evidence.

In the whole play, omitting the songs and masque, there are only two rhyming lines: double endings abound, while light and weak endings are comparatively numerous. The diction is often almost overburdened with ideas, the narrative element is freely used, and the tinge of gloom which accompanies the play till the conclusion when it is dissolved in forgiveness and marriage are all suggestive of Shakespeare's final period. It is difficult to support the idea that Shakespeare was bidding farewell to the stage in the character of Prospero: it was hardly in his nature to put himself forward so prominently and assertively: while it is more than probable that the *Winter's Tale* succeeded the *Tempest*. The construction of the former play is more rugged than that of the *Tempest*, and an ingenious argument has been given by Mr. Collier that Shakespeare departed from Greene's *Pandosto* (in which Florizel and Perdita's prototypes are shipwrecked) as this would savour too much of the *Tempest* which had only recently appeared. The years 1610-11 may then be taken as the probable date of composition of this play.

THE TEXT

The *Tempest* was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies the first place among the comedies. It is exceedingly well printed and the emendator has had little scope for his ingenuity. In the few passages that present any difficulty, however, the suggestions made are bewildering in their quantity and complexity. The epilogue is generally admitted to be by some other hand than the author's: and doubts have been thrown on the masque with which Prospero entertains Ferdinand and Miranda. This is probably genuine nevertheless: there is nothing in the

Introduction.

matter that is antagonistic to the theory of Shakespeare's authorship: and it was quite customary to insert a masque within a play in the early years of James I's reign. Beaumont and Fletcher offer several examples of this: for instance in the *Maid's Tragedy*, which was probably written two years before the *Tempest*, there is a masque in the first act which far more seriously hinders the action than in Shakespeare's play.

With the exception of the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Tempest* is the shortest of Shakespeare's plays: hence it has been conjectured that the text is incomplete, and represents a version abridged for acting purposes. This theory again has little to commend its acceptance. The abruptness of the action, of which much has been made, seems entirely in accord with the conception of the play.

SOURCE

No source has been discovered for the *Tempest*. Reference has already been made to Jourdain's pamphlet: there is nothing in it beyond a few unimportant details that can be said to have furnished any hint to the author. A German dramatist, Ayrer, who died in 1605, composed a play which has been translated under the title of the *Fair Sidea*, in which certain similarities have been traced and very much exaggerated. This production is crude and painfully wearisome; and though it contains a banished duke who becomes a magician and eventually marries his daughter to the son of the king whom he holds in his power, the story is almost as different in its conception as it is in its treatment. The curious reader must be referred to Furness' Variorum Edition, where a carefully condensed version will be found.

The dramatic value of the *Tempest* is not very great: there are four themes, (1) the Prospero-Antonio; (2) the Ferdinand-Miranda; (3) the Sebastian-Alonso; (4) the Trinculo-Stephano and Caliban. In all of these Prospero with his obedient spirit is supreme: and none of the action is developed but concludes almost as soon as it is expounded. Neither is the characterisation very subtle: the charm of the *Tempest* lies almost wholly in the inexhaustible treasures of poetry with which it is garnished.

The Tempest.

Prospero is an interesting and pleasing study of an old man, who has seen trouble and ingratitude, and remains serious and sad but in no way bitter or unrelenting. Miranda is a charming picture of sweet and holy innocence, and ranks only second to Perdita. The cheery, good-natured and lovable Gonzalo stands forth among the crowd of rather conventional courtiers who are shipwrecked with Alonso. Caliban is certainly a marvellous creation. As Hazlitt has said, 'It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespeare has described the brutal mind of Caliban, in contact with the pure and original forms of Nature: the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom. It is "of the earth, earthy."' It is possible, indeed, that Shakespeare may have obtained the germ of this creation from Job Hartop in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, III. 493. 'When we came in the height of Bermuda, we discovered a monster in the sea, who shewed himselfe three times unto us from the middle upwards, in which part he was proportioned like a man, of the complexion of a Malato or tawny Indian.'

Ariel, too, commands our highest admiration. His airiness, charm, fancy, and tenderness mingled with his love of mischief and occasional rebelliousness make him sympathetic and delightful in the highest degree. He forms an instructive contrast with the earlier Puck of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The purely humorous characters Trinculo and Stephano provide no little diversion, but there is nothing in their characters that calls for particular notice.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island.

Names of the Actors.

- ALONSO, *King of Naples*, I.i.9, p. 1; II.i.9, p. 19; III.iii.4, p. 41; V.i.111, p. 57.
- SEBASTIAN, *his Brother*, I.i.39, p. 2; II.i.10, p. 19; III.iii.13, p. 42; V.i.129, p. 58.
- PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Millaine*, I.ii.13, p. 4; III.i.31, p. 35; III.iii.34, p. 43; IV.i.1, p. 45; V.i.1, p. 54.
- ANTHONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine*, I.i.12, p. 1, II.i.11, p. 19; III.iii.11, p. 42; V.i.265, p. 62.
- FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples*, I.ii.386, p. 15; III.i.1, p. 34; IV.i.11, p. 46; V.i.172, p. 59.
- GONZALO, *an honest old Councillor*, I.i.15, p. 2; II.i.1, p. 19; III.iii.1, p. 41; V.i.104, p. 57.
- ADRIAN, & FRANCISCO, *Lords*. { ADRIAN, II.i.34, p. 20; III.iii.109, p. 45.
V.i.57,* p. 55.
FRANCISCO, II.i.108, p. 22; III.iii.40, p. 43; V.i.57,* p. 45.
- CALIBAN, *a salvage and deformed slave*, I.ii.314, p. 13; II.ii.1, p. 29; III.ii.22, p. 38; IV.i.194, p. 51; V.i.261, p. 62.
- TRINCULO, *a Jester*, II.ii.18, p. 29; III.ii.4, p. 37; IV.i.198, p. 52; V.i.259, p. 62.
- STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler*, II.ii.41, p. 30; III.ii.1, p. 37; IV.i.196, p. 52; V.i.256, p. 62.
- Master of a Ship, I.i.1, p. 1; V.i.216,* p. 60.
- Boate-Swaine, I.i.2, p. 1; V.i.221, p. 61.
- Marriners, I.i.6,* p. 1; I.i.49, p. 3. { 1 Mar., I.i.57, p. 3.
2 Mar., I.i.58, p. 3.
3 Mar., I.i.58, p. 3.
4 Mar., I.i.59, p. 3.
5 Mar., I.i.59, p. 3.
- MIRANDA, *daughter to PROSPERO*, I.ii.1, p. 3; III.i.15, p. 34; IV.i.144, p. 50; V.i.172, p. 59.
- ARIELL, *an ayrie spirit*, I.ii.189, p. 9; II.i.292, p. 28; III.ii.44, p. 38; (*like a Harpey*) III.iii.53, p. 43; IV.i.34, p. 46; V.i.4, p. 54.
- IRIS, IV.i.60, p. 47.
- CERES (ARIELL), IV.i.76, p. 48.
- IUNO, IV.i.103, p. 48.
- Nymphes, IV.i.134,* p. 49.
- Reapers, IV.i.139,* p. 50.
- Shapes, *bringling in a Banket, and dancing, &c.*, III.iii.17,* p. 42; 82,* p. 44.
- Spirits, *In shape of Dogs and Hounds, who barke*, IV.i.252, p. 53.

The Stage-time of the Play is about four hours, from just before 2 p.m. to 6. The Play observes the classia unities of time, place, and action.

1 As this line, and the list of 'Names of the Actors,' are given in the Folio at the end of the Play, the entries are left here in the Folio order, references only to their first Speeches in every Scene being added. When they don't speak * is put.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (**Clarendon** or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

‘F’ means the First Folio of 1623. F₂, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare’s).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader’s convenience, as ‘exile,’ &c. When *-ed* final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the *e* is printed ē.

The Tempest

[From the First Folio of 1623.]

T H E T E M P E S T.

Ætus Primus. Scena Prima.

A Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maister, and a Botefwaine.

Maister.

B Ote-fwaine!

Botef. Heere, Maister! What cheere?

Mastr. Good, Speake to th'Mariners! fall to't, yarely, or we run our felues a ground. Bestirre! bestirre!

[*Exit.* 5

Enter Mariners.

Botef. Heigh my hearts, cheerely! cheerely, my harts! yare, yare! Take in the toppe-fale! Tend to th'Masters whistle! ¶ Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, FERDINANDO, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good Botefwaine, haue care! Where's the Maister? Play the men! 10

Botef. I pray now, keepe below!

Anth. Where is the Maister, Boson? 12

3. *to't*] too't F.

I

B

[I. i. 1-12.

The Tempest.

Botef. Do you not heare him? You marre our labour!
Keepe your Cabines! you do asfist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient! 15

Botef. When the Sea is. Hence! what cares these roarers
for the name of King? To Cabine! Silence! Trouble
vs not!

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 19

Botef. None that I more loue then my felfe. You are a
Counfeller: if you can command these Elements to silence,
and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope
more: vse your authoritie! If you cannot, giue thanks you
haue liu'd so long, and make your felfe readie in your [24
Cabine for the miſchance of the houre, if it ſo hap. ¶ Cheerely,
good hearts! ¶ Out of our way, I ſay! *[Exit.*

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he
hath no drowning marke vpon him; his complexion is [28
perfect Gallowes. ¶ Stand faſt, good Fate, to his hanging!
make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our owne doth
little aduantage! If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our
caſe is miſerable! *[Exeunt.* 32

Re-enter Botefwaine.

Botef. Downe with the top-Maſt! Yare! Lower, lower!
Bring her to Try with Maine-courſe! *[A cry within.]* A
plague vpon this howling! they are lowder then the weather,
or our office! 36

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, & GONZALO.

¶ Yet againe? What! Do you heere? Shal we giue ore
and drowne? Haue you a minde to finke?

Sebaſ. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous,
incharitable Dog! 40

Botef. Worke you then!

Anth. Hang cur! hang! You whoreſon inſolent Noyſe-
maker! we are leſſe afraid to be drownde, then thou art. 43

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship
were no ſtronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vn-
ſtanch'd wench.

32. *Exeunt*] Exit F.

36-7. *Re-enter* . .] Enter . . F (after 'plague *A cry within.* l. 35).

The Tempest.

Botef. Lay her a hold, a hold! fet her two courfes off to
Sea againe! lay her off! 48

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mari. All loft! To prayers, to prayers! All loft!
[*Exeunt.*]

Botef. What! muft our months be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers! let's affist them,
For our cafe is as theirs.

Sebaf. I'am out of patience. 52

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards!

¶ This wide-chopt-rafcall: would thou mightft lye drowning
The wafhing of ten Tides!

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water fwears againft it, 56
And gape at widft to glut him. [*A confused noyfe within.*]

1 *Mar.* Mercy on vs!

2 *Mar.* We fplit! we fplit!

3 *Mar.* Farewell my wife, and children!

4 *Mar.* Farewell, brother!

5 *Mar.* We fplit, we fplit, we fplit!

Anth. Let's all finke with' King! 60

Seb. Let's take leaue of him! [*Exeunt all but GONZ.*]

Gonz. Now would I giue a thoufand furlongs of Sea, for
an Acre of barren ground, Long heath, Browne firrs,¹ any
thing. The Wills aboute be done! but I would faine dye a
dry death. [*Exit.* 65]

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

The Sea-Cliffes.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your Art (my deereft father) you haue 1
Put the wild waters in this Rore, alay them!
The fkye (it feemes) would powre down flinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheekes, 4
Dafhes the fire out. Oh! I haue fuffered

61. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit F.

¹ *firrs* = furze.

The Tempest.

With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces! O! the cry did knocke 8
Against my very heart! Poore soules, they perish'd!
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and 12
The fraughting Soules within her!

Prof. Be collected!
No more amazement! Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day!
Prof. No harme!
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee 16
(Of thee, my deere one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art; naught knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell, 20
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know,
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.
Prof. 'Tis time
I should informe thee farther! Lend thy hand,
And plucke my Magick garment from me! So! 24

[*Throws down his Mantle.*]

¶ Lye there, my Art! ¶ Wipe thou thine eyes! haue comfort!
The direfull spectacle of the wracke, which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee,
I haue (with such prouision in mine Art) 28
So safely ordered, that there is no soule,
No, not so much perdition as an hayre,
Betid to any creature in the vessel 31
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke. Sit downe!
For thou must now know farther. [*Both sit down.*]

Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to a bootlesse Inquisition,
Concluding, 'stay! not yet!'
Prof. The howr's now come; 36
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare;

The Tempest.

Obey, and be attentue! Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst; for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old. 40

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can !

Prof. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off, 44

And rather like a dreame, then an assurance,
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Fowre or five women once, that tended me?

Prof. Thou hadst; and more, *Miranda*. But how is it 48
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou maist.

Mira. But that, I do not. 52

Prof. Twelve yere fince, (*Miranda*,) twelve yere fince,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine*, and
A Prince of power

Mira. Sir! are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*; and his onely heire,
And *Princesse*, no worfe Issued.

Mira. O, the heavens !

What fowle play had we, that we came from thence? 60
Or bleffed was't, we did?

Prof. Both, both, my Girl!
By 'fowle play' (as thou faist) were we heau'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O! my heart bleedes

To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to, 64
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther!

Prof. My brother, and thy vncle, call'd *Antonio*,
(I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he, whom, next thy selfe, 68
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state; (as, at that time,

The Tempest.

Through all the signories it was the first,
 And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed 72
 In dignity; and for the liberal Arts,
 Without a paralell: those being all my studie,
 The Government I cast vpon my brother,
 And to my State grew stranger, being transported 76
 And rapt in secret studies;) thy false vncke
 (Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir! most heedefully.)

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
 How to deny them; who t'aduanche, and who 80
 To trash for ouer-topping; new created
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or els new form'd 'em; (hauing both the key,
 Of Officer, and office;) set all hearts i'th state 84
 To what tune pleas'd his eare; that now he was
 The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
 And suckt my verdure out on't: (Thou attend'st not?)

Mira. O good Sir, I doe!

Prof. I pray thee, marke me!) 88
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
 With that, which (but by being so retir'd)
 Ore-priz'd all popular rate; in my false brother 92
 Awak'd an euill nature; and my trust
 (Like a good parent) did beget of him
 A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
 As my trust was; which had indeede no limit, 96
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
 Not onely with what my reuénue yeelded,
 But what my power might els exact, (Like one
 Who hauing into truth, by telling of it, 100
 Made such a fynner of his memorie
 To credite his owne lie,) he did beleene
 He was indeed the Duke; (out o'th' Substitution,
 And executing th'outward face of Roialtie, 104
 With all prerogatiue:) hence, his Ambition growing,
 (Do'st thou heare?)

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafeness.)

Prof. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,

The Tempest.

And him he plaid it for, he needes will be 108
 Absolute *Millaine*. Me (poore man !) my Librarie
 Was Dukedome large enough : of temporall royalties
 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
 (So drie he was for Sway) wi'th' King of *Naples*, 112
 To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage,
 Subiect his Coronet to his Crowne, and bend
 The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas, poore *Millaine* !)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heauens ! 116
Prof. Marke his condition, and th'euent ! then tell me
 If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should finne
 To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother :
 Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition. 120
 This King of *Naples*, being an Enemy
 To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit ;
 Which was, That he, in lieu o'th' premises,
 Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute, 124
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*,
 With all the Honors, on my brother : Whereon,
 A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night 128
 Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open
 The gates of *Millaine* ; and, ith' dead of darkenessse,
 The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence,
 Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pitty ! 132
 I, not remembring how I cride out then,
 Will cry it ore againe : it is a hint
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Heare a little further ;
 And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse 136
 Which now's vpon's ; without the which, this Story
 Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not,
 That howre, destroy vs ?

110. *royalties*] roalties F.

112 *wi'th'*] with F.

135. *to't*] too't F.

[I. ii. 108-138.

The Tempest.

- Pro.* Well demanded, wench!
 My Tale prouokes that question. Deare, they durst not! 140
 (So deare the loue my people bore me!) nor set
 A marke so bloody on the businesse; but,
 With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
 In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke, 144
 Bore vs some Leagues to Sea; where they prepared
 A rotten carkasse of a Butt,¹ not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast; (the very rats
 Instinctiue haue quit it :) There they hoyst vs 148
 To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to figh
 To th' windes, whose pittie, fighting backe againe,
 Did vs but louing wrong.
- Mir.* Alack! what trouble
 Was I then to you!
- Pro.* O! a Cherubin 152
 Thou was't, that did preferue me! Thou didst smile,
 (Infus'd with a fortitude from heauen,)
 When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
 Vnder my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me 156
 An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
 Against what should ensue.
- Mir.* How came we a-shore?
- Pro.* By prouidence diuine,
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that 160
 A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
 Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
 Master of this designe,) did giue vs, with
 Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries, 164
 Which since haue steeded much; so, of his gentlenesse,
 Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnisht me
 From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
 I prize aboue my Dukedome.
- Mir.* Would I might 168
 But euer see that man!
- Pro.* Now I arise. [*Puts on his Mantle.*
 Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-forrow!
 Heere in this Iland we arriu'd; and heere

¹ Compare our use of 'Tub' for a clumsy boat.

The Tempest.

Haue I, thy Schoolemafter, made thee more profit 172
Then other Princeſſe¹ can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not ſo carefull.

Mir. Heuens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, Sir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my minde;) your reaſon 176
For rayſing this Sea-ſtorme?

Pro. Know thus far forth!
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountifull Fortune
(Now my deere Lady) hath, mine enemies,
Brought to this ſhore: And, by my preſcience, 180
I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon
A moſt auſpicious ſtarre, whoſe influence,
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will euer after droope. Heare² ceaſe more questions! 184
Thou art inclinde to ſleepe: 'tis a good dulneſſe,
And giue it way! I know thou canſt not chuſe.

[*MIR. ſleepes.*

Enter ARIEL.

¶ Come away, Sernant, come! I am ready now,
Approach, my *Ariel*! Come! 188

Ari. All haile, great Maſter! graue Sir, haile! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure! be't to fly,
To ſwim, to diue into the fire; to ride
On the curld cloudſ: to thy ſtrong bidding, taſke 192
Ariel, and all his Qualitie!

Pro. Haſt thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, *THE TEMPEST* that I bad thee?

Ar. To euery Article!
I boarded the Kings ſhip. Now on the Beake, 196
Now in the Waſte, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd diuide,
And burne in many places; on the Top-maſt,
The Yards, and Bore-ſpritt, would I flame diſtinctly; 200
Then meete, and ioyn. *Ioues* Lightning, the precurſers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps, more momentarie

¹ *Princeſſe* is plural here, like
'The two *Antipholus*.'—*Errors*, V.
i. 356, vol. i, p. 139.

² *Heare* = here.

186-7. *Enter . . .*] *Ariel* is after
188 in F.

200. *Bore-spritt*] F. boltsprit
Rowe. *bowsprit* Cam.

The Tempest.

And fight out-running, were not ; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*, 204
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My braue Spirit!
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ar. Not a soule 208
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation. All but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell,
Then all a fire with me. The Kings sonne, *Ferdinand*, 212
With haire vp-ftaring, (then like reeds, not haire,)
Was the first man that leapt ; cride 'Hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere !'

Pro. Why, that's my spirit !
But was not this, nye shore ?

Ar. Close by, my Master ! 216

Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) safe ?

Ar. Not a haire perisht !
On their sustaining garments, not a blemish,
But fresher then before : and (as thou badst me)
In troops I haue disperfd them 'bout the Isle : 220
The Kings sonne, haue I landed by himfelfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting,
His armes in this sad knot. [*Folds his Armes.*

Pro. Of the Kings ship, 224
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th'Fleete ?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe ; in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldst me vp at midnight, to fetch dewe 228
From the still-vest *Bermoothes* ; there she's hid ;
The Marriners, all vnder hatches stowed,
Who, (with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour,)
I haue left asleep. And for the rest o'th' Fleet, 232
(Which I dispers'd,) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote,
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,

The Tempest.

Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt, 236
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more worke :
What is the time o'th'day ?

Ar. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two Glasse : the time 'twixt six & now, 240
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle ? Since *thou* dost giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now ? moodie ? 244
What is't thou canst demand ?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out ? no more !

Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice ;
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd 248
Without, or grudge, or grumblings. Thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ar. No !

Pro. Thou do'st ! & thinkst it much to tread y^e Ooze 252
Of the salt deepe,
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not, Sir ! 256

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing ! Hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who (with Age and Enny)
Was growne into a hoope ? hast thou forgot her ?

Ar. No, Sir ! [Tell me ! 260

Pro. Thou hast ! Where was she born ? Speak !

Ar. Sir ! in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh ! was she so ? I must
(Once in a moneth) recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*,
(For mischiefes manifold, and forceries terrible 264
To enter humane hearing,) from *Argier*

The Tempest.

(Thou know'ft) was banish'd : for one thing ſhe did,
They wold not take her life : Is not this true ?

Ar. I, Sir ! 268

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' Saylors. Thou, my ſlaue,
(As thou reportſt thy ſelfe,) was then her ſeruant ;
And, for thou waſt a Spirit too delicate 272
To act her earthy and abhord commands,
Refuſing her grand hefts, ſhe did confine thee
(By helpe of her more potent Miniſters,
And in her moſt vnmittigable rage) 276
Into a clouen Pyne ; within which rift
Imprifon'd, thou didſt painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres : within which ſpace ſhe di'd,
And left thee there ; where thou didſt vent thy groanes 280
As faſt as Mill-wheelles ſtrike. Then was this Iſland,
(Saue for the Son, that ſhe did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne,) not honour'd with
A humane ſhape.

Ar. Yes ! *Caliban* her ſonne. 284

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo ! (he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in ſeruice.) Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did finde thee in : thy groanes
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts 288
Of euer-angry Beares : it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe. It was mine Art,
(When I arriu'd, and heard thee,) that made gape 292
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee, Maſter !

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an Oake,
And peg thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelue winters !

Ar. Pardon, Maſter ! 296
I will be correſpondent to command,
And doe my ſpyting, gently.

Pro. Doe ſo ! and after two daies
I will diſcharge thee.

282. *ſhe*] Rowe (after Dryden). he F.

The Tempest.

Ar. That's my noble Master!
What shall I doe? say what! what shall I doe? 300

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea;
Be subiect to no fight but thine, and mine; inuisible
To euery eye-ball elfe. Goe take this shape, 303
And hither come in't! goe! hence with diligence! [*Exit ARIEL.*
[*To MIR.*] Awake, deere hart! awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heauineffe in me.

Pro. Shake it off! Come on!
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my slaue, who neuer 308
Yeelds vs kinde anfwere.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine, Sir,
I doe not loue to looke on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices 312
That profit vs. What, hoa! slaue! *Caliban*!
Thou Earth, thou! speake!

Cal. [*within.*] There's wood enough within!
Pro. Come forth, I say! there's other bufines for thee:
Come, thou Tortoys! when? 316

Enter ARIEL like a water-Nymph.

¶ Fine apparifon! My queint *Ariel*,
Hearke in thine eare! [*Whispers AR.*

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done! [*Exit.*
Pro. [*to CAL.*] Thou poyfonous slaue, got by y^e diuell
himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam, come forth! 320

Re-enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholefome Fen,
Drop on you both! A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore! 324

Pro. For this, be fure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-fitches, that shall pen thy breath vp! Vrchins

305. *Awake*] *Pro.* Awake F.

The Tempest.

Shall (for that vast of night, that they may worke,) 328
 All exercise on thee! thou shalt be pinch'd
 As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
 Then Bees that made 'em!

Cal. I must eat my dinner!
 This Island's mine (by *Sycorax*, my mother)
 Which thou tak'st from me! When thou cam'st first, 332
 Thou stroakst me, & made much of me; wouldst giue me
 Water with berries in't; and teach me how
 To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse,
 (That burne by day, and night :) and then I lou'd thee, 336
 And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
 The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill:
 Curs'd be I, that did so! All the Charmes
 Of *Sycorax* (Toades, Beetles, Batts,) light on you! 340
 For I am all the Subjects that you haue,
 Which first was mine owne King: and here you sty me
 In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
 The rest o'th' Island!

Pro. Thou most lying slaue, 344
 Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes! I haue vs'd thee
 (Filth as thou art,) with humane care; and lodg'd thee
 In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
 The honor of my childe. 348

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho! would't had bene done!
 Thou didst preuent me; I had peopel'd else
 This Isle with *Calibans*.

Prosp. Abhorred Slaue,
 Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take, 352
 Being capable of all ill! I pittied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre,
 One thing or other. When thou didst not (Sauage)
 Know thine owne meaning, but wouldst gabble, like 356
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them knowne. But thy vild race
 (Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou 360
 Deseruedly confin'd into this Rocke,

333. *stroakst*] stroakst F. 342. *mine*] min F.

351. *Prosp.*] Theobald (after Dryden). *Mira.* F.

The Tempest.

Who hadst deseru'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse! The red-plague rid you, 364
For learning me your language!

Prof. Hag-feed, hence!
Fetch vs in Fewell! and be quicke (thou'rt best!)
To answer other busynesse! Shrug'ft thou (Malice)?
If thou neglectst, or dost vnwillingly 368
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Achës, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn!

Cal. No, 'pray thee!
[*Aside*] I must obey! His Art is of such pow'r, 372
It would controll my Dams god, *Setebos*,
And make a vassaile of him!

Pro. So, slaue! hence! [*Exit CAL.*]

Enter FERDINAND; & ARIEL, inuisible, playing & singing.

Ariel. [Song.] Come vnto these yellow sands, 375
and then take hands;
Curtstied when you haue, and kist
the wilde waues whist! 378
Foot it featly heere and there,
*and, sweete Sprights, beare the burthen!*¹
[Burthen, disperfedly.] *Harke, harke! bough wawgh!*
The watch-Dogges barke, bough-wawgh!

Ar. *Hark, hark, I heare,*
the straine of strutting Chanticleere
cry, ' Cockadiddle-dowe!' 385

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It sounds no more: and, fure, it waytes vpon
Some God 'oth'Iland! Sitting on a banke,
(Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke,) 389
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying, both their fury, and my passion,
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it,
(Or it hath drawne me rather;) but 'tis gone! [*Musick.* 393
No! it begins againe!

¹ The rhythm shows that the order of the words is not to be altered for ryme's sake.

The Tempest.

- Ariell.* [Song.] Full fadom fūe thy Father lies :
 Of his bones are Corrall made :
 Those are pearles that were his eies, 397
 Nothing of him that doth fade, 398
 But doth suffer a Sea-change
 Into something rich & strange : 400
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell :
 [Burthen :] ding dong !
Harke! now I heare them : ding-dong, bell ! 402
- Fer.* The Ditty do's remember my drownd Father !
 This is no mortall bufines, nor no found
 That the earth owes¹ : I heare it now about me. 405
[*It dies.*]
- Pro.* [to *MIR.*] The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
 And say what thou see'st yond !
Mira. What is't? a Spirit?
 Lord, how it lookes about ! Beleeue me, fir,
 It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit. 409
- Pro.* No, wench ! it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
 As we haue : such ! This Gallant which thou see'st,
 Was in the wracke : and, but hee's something stain'd
 With greefe, (that's beauties canker,) thou might'st call him
 A goodly perfon : he hath lost his fellowes, 414
 And strays about to finde 'em.
- Mir.* I might call him
 A thing diuine ; for nothing naturall,
 I euer saw so Noble.
- Pro.* [aside] It goes on, I see, 417
 As my soule prompts it ! ¶ Spirit, fine spirit ! Ile free thee
 Within two dayes for this !
- Fer.* [aside] Most sure, the Goddesse
 On whom these ayres attend ! [To *MIR.*] Vouchsafe, my pray'r
 May know if you remaine vpon this Island ; 421
 And that you will some good instruction giue,
 How I may beare me heere ! my prime request
 (Which I do last pronounce) is, (O you wonder !)
 If you be Mayd, or no ?
- Mir.* No 'wonder', Sir ! 425

¹ *owes* = owns.

The Tempest.

But certainly a 'Mayd'.

Fer. My Language! Heauens!
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee? 429

Fer. A fingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples*. He do's heare me;
And that he do's, I weepe! My selfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes, (neuer since at ebbe,) beheld 433
The King my Father wrack't!

Mir. Alacke, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, & all his Lords; the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue sonne, being twaine.

Pro. [*aside*] The Duke of *Millaine*, 436
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They haue chang'd eyes! (¶ Delicate *Ariel*,
He set thee free for this!) [*To FER.*] A word, good Sir! 440
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word!

Mir. [*aside*] Why speakes my father so vnghently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for. Pitty moue my father 444
To be enclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, He make you 446
The Queene of *Naples*!

Pro. Soft fir, one word more! [*busines*,
[*Aside*] They are both in eythers pow'rs! But this swift
I must vneasie make, least too light winning [thee
Make the prize light. [*To FER.*] One word more! I charge
That thou attend me! Thou do'st heere vsurpe 451
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No! as I am a man!
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple! 455
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,
Good things will striue to dwell with't.

Pro. [*to FER.*] Follow me!

The Tempest.

[*To MIR.*] Speake not you for him! hee's a Traitor! ¶ Come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together! 459

Sea water shalt thou drinke! thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled! Follow!

Fer. No!
I will resist such entertainment, till 463
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r!

[*He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.*

Mira. O deere Father!
Make not too rash a triall of him! for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

Prof. What, I say!
My foote, my Tutor! ¶ Put thy sword vp, Traitor! 467
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy confience
Is so possest with guilt. Come, from thy ward!
For I can heere disarme thee with this sükke,
And make thy weapon drop.

[*PROS. touches FER.S sword. It drops.*

Mira. Befeech you, Father! 471
[*seizes his Mantle.*

Prof. Hence! hang not on my garments!

Mira. Sir, haue pity!
Ile be his surety!

Prof. Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee! What!
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush! 475
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Hauing seene but him and *Caliban* :) Foolish wench!
To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels!

Mira. My affections 479
Are then most humble: I haue no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Prof. [*to FER.*] Come on! obey!
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe,
And haue no vigour in them!

Fer. So they are! 483
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:

459. *Speake*] *Pros.* Speake F.

The Tempest.

My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
(To whom I am subdude,) are but light to me, 487
Might I but (through my prison) once a day
Behold this Mayd! all corners else o'th'Earth,
Let liberty make vse of! space enough 490
Haue I in such a prison.

Prof. [aside] It workes! [*To FER.*] Come on!
(¶ Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*!) [*To FER.*] Follow me!
[*To ARI.*] Harke what thou else shalt do mee!)

Mira. Be of comfort!
My Fathers of a better nature, (Sir,) 494
Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted,
Which now came from him.

(*Prof. [to ARI.]* Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes! but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariell. To th'fyllable!)

Prof. [to FER.] Come, follow! [*To MIR.*] Speake not for
him. [*Exeunt.* 499]

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

The Iland.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, and others.*

Gonz. Befeech you, Sir, be merry! You haue cause 1
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse. Our hint of woe
Is common: euery day, some Saylor's wife, 4
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant,
Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preferuation,) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wifely (good Sir) weigh 8
Our forrow, with our comfort!

Alonf. Prethee, peace!

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porridge!

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore fo.

Seb. Looke! hee's winding vp the watch of his wit; by
and by it will strike.

13

The Tempest.

- Gon.* Sir! . . .
- Seb.* One: Tell!
- Gon.* When euery greefe is entertaind, that's offer'd, 16
Comes to th'entertainer . . .
- Seb.* A dollor!
- Gon.* 'Dolour' comes to him indeed! you haue spoken
truer then you purpos'd. 20
- Seb.* You haue taken it wifelier then I meant you should.
- Gon.* Therefore, my Lord . . .
- Ant.* Fie! what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue!
- Alon.* I pre-thee, spare! 24
- Gon.* Well, I haue done: But yet, . . .
- Seb.* He will be talking!
- Ant.* Which, of he, or *Adrian*, (for a good wager,) first
begins to crow? 28
- Seb.* The old Cocke!
- Ant.* The Cockrell!
- Seb.* Done! The wager?
- Ant.* A Laughter. 32
- Seb.* A match!
- Adr.* Though this Island seeme to be desert . . .
- Seb.* [*laughing*] Ha, ha, ha!
- Ant.* So: you've paid. 36
- Adr.* Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible . . .
- Seb.* Yet . . .
- Adr.* Yet . . .
- Ant.* He could not misse't! 40
- Adr.* It muft needs be of fubtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.
- Ant.* *Temperance* was a delicate wench.
- Seb.* I, and a fubtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd. 44
- Adr.* The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.
- Seb.* As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
- Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
- Gon.* Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life. 48
- Ant.* True! faue meanes to liue!
- Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.
- Gon.* How lush and lusty the graffe looks! How greene!

36. *you've*] Capell. you'r F. (*Seb.* pays, as *Adr.* spoke first.)
II. i. 14-51.] 20

The Tempest.

- Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny. 52
Seb. With an eye of Greene in't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No! he doth but mistake the truth totally! 55
Gon. But the variety of it is, (which is indeed almost beyond credit)
Seb. As many voucht varieties are. 58
Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de, then stain'd with false water. 61
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would it not say he lyes?
Seb. I! or very falsely pocket vp his report. 64
Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Affricke*, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*. 67
Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.
Adri. *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene! 71
Gon. Not since widdow *Dido's* time.
Ant. 'Widow'! A pox o'that! how came that 'Widdow' in? 'Widdow *Dido*'! 74
Seb. What if he had said 'Widdower *Aeneas*' too? Good Lord! how you take it!
Adri. 'Widdow *Dido*,' said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*. 78
Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.
Adri. 'Carthage'?
Gon. I assure you, 'Carthage.'
Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe! 82
Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.
Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?
Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his sonne for an Apple. 86
Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.
Gon. I.
Ant. Why, in good time. 90
Gon. [to *ALON.*] Sir, we were talking, that our garments

The Tempest.

feeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there. 94

Seb. Bate (I beseech you,) 'widdow *Dido*.'

Ant. O 'Widdow *Dido*!' I, 'Widdow *Dido*!'!

Gon. Is not, Sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a fort. 98

(*Ant.* That 'fort' was well fish'd for!)

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against
The stomacke of my sense. Would I had neuer 102

Married my daughter there! For, comming thence,

My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,

Who is so farre from *Italy* remoued,

I ne're againe shall see her! O thou mine heire 106

Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what frange fish

Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir! he may liue:

I saw him beate the furies vnder him,

And ride vpon their backs; he trod the water, 110

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The furge most swolne that met him: his bold head,

'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared

Himselfe with his good armes, in lusty stroke, 114

To th'shore; that ore his waue-worne bafis bowed,

As stooping to releue him: I not doubt

He came aliuie to Land.

Alon. No, no! hee's gone!

Seb. Sir! you may thank your selfe for this great losse, 118

That would not blesse our *Europe* with your daughter,

But rather loose her to an *Affrican*,

Where she (at least) is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee, peace! 122

Seb. You were kneel'd to, & importun'd otherwise,

By all of vs; and the faire foule her selfe

Waigh'd, betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at 125

Which end o'th'beame sh'ould bow. We haue lost your son,

123. *to*] too F.

126. *sh'ould* = she would. should F.

The Tempest.

- I feare, for euer! *Millaine* and *Naples* haue
 Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
 Then we bring men to comfort them: 129
 The fault's your owne!
- Alon.* So is the deer'ft oth'losse!
Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,
 The truth you speake, doth lacke some gentlenesse,
 And time to speake it in: you rub the fore, 133
 When you should bring the plaister.
- Seb.* Very well!
Ant. And most Chirurgeonly!
Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir, 137
 When you are cloudy.
- Seb.* 'Fowle weather'?
Ant. Very 'foule'!
Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle, my Lord . . .
 (*Ant.* Hee'd fow't vvith Neetle-feed.
Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.) 140
Gon. And were the King on't, what vvould I do?
 (*Seb.* Scape being drunke, for want of Wine!)
Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries)
 Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke 144
 Would I admit; No name of Magistrate:
 Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,
 And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succesſion,
 Borne,¹ bound of Land, Tilt, Vineyard none: 148
 No vse of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
 No occupation, all men idle, all:
 And Women too, but innocent and pure:
 No Soueraignty . . .
- (*Seb.* Yet he vvould be King on't! 152
Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the
 beginning.)
Gon. All things in common, Nature should produce
 Without sweate or endeuour: Treafon, fellony, 156
 Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine,
 Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth
 Of it² owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance,

¹ *Borne* = *Bourne*, brook, as in R. of Brunne, *Chron.* 8164, &c.

² *it* = *its*.

The Tempest.

To feed my innocent people. 160

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

Ant. None (man!) all idle; Whores and knaues!

Gon. I vvould vvith fuch perfection gouerne, Sir,
T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maiefty! 164

Ant. Long liue Gonzalo!

Gon. And, (do you marke me, Sir?)

Alon. Pre-thee no more! thou dost talke nothing to me!

Gon. I do vvell beleeeue your Highnesse; and did it to
minifter occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such
fensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse to laugh at
nothing. 170

Ant. 'Twas you, vve laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am 'nothing' to
you: so you may continue, and 'laugh at nothing' still.

Ant. What a blow vvas there giuen! 174

Seb. And it had not false flat-long!

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettall; you would lift
the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it
fue weekes vvithout changing. 178

Enter ARIELL (inuisible) playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We vvould so; and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my Lord, be not angry!

Gon. No, I warrant you! I vvill not aduenture my discre-
tion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very
heauy? 183

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs!

[All sleepe, but ALON., SEB., & ANT.]

Alon. What! all so foone asleepe? I wish mine eyes
Would (with themselues) shut vp my thoughts! I finde
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir, 187
Do not omit the heauy offer of it!
It fildome visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a Comforter.

Ant. We two, my Lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest, 191
And watch your safety.

I. i. 160-191.]

The Tempest.

- Alon.* Thanke you! Wondrous heauy! 192
[*ALONZO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*
- Seb.* What a strange drowlines possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.
- Seb.* Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde not
My selfe dispos'd to sleepe.
- Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble. 196
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebastian*? . . . O! what might? . . . No more! . . .
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face, 200
What thou should'st be. Th'occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
- Seb.* What! art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me speake?
- Seb.* I do! and surely 204
It is a sleepey Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe. What is it, thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open! standing, speaking, mouing! 208
And yet so fast asleepe!
- Ant.* Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe! (die rather!) wink'st
Whiles thou art waking!
- Seb.* Thou do'st snore distinctly:
There's meaning in thy snores. 212
- Ant.* I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
- Seb.* Well! I am standing water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
- Seb.* Do so! To ebbe, 216
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.
- Ant.* O!
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mocke it! how, in stripping it,
You more inuest it! Ebbing men, indeed, 220
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run

The Tempest.

By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on !
The fetting of thine eye and cheekes, proclaime
A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed, 224
Which throwes¹ thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus, Sir !
Although this Lord of weake remembrance, (this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost perswaded 228
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King, his sonne's alieue :
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, fwims.

Seb. I haue no hope 232
That hee's vndrown'd.

Ant. O ! out of that 'no hope,'
What great 'hope' haue you ! 'No hope' that way, Is,
Another way, so high a 'hope,' that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond, 236
But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd ?

Seb. He's gone !

Ant. Then tell me,
Who's the next heire of *Naples* ?

Seb. *Claribell.*

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis* : she that dwels 240
Ten leagues beyond mans life : she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were poft,
(The Man i'th Moone's too slow,) till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able : She that . . . from whom 244
We all were sea-fswallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny,) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue ; what to come,
In yours, and my, discharge.

Seb. What stufte is this ! How say you ?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis* ; 249
So is she heyre of *Naples* ; 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.

¹ *throwes* = throes.

The Tempest.

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, 'How shall that *Claribell* 252
Measure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake!' Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Then now they are! There be, that can rule *Naples* 256
As well as he that sleepes; Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneccessarily,
As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat. O, that you bore 260
The minde that I do! what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement! Do you vnderstand me?
Seb. Me thinks I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember 264
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.
Ant. True!
And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me!
Much feater then before! My Brothers seruants
Were then my fellowes; now they are my men. 268
Seb. But, for your conscience, . . .
Ant. I, Sir! where lies that? If 'twere a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome. 'Twentie consciences 272
That stand 'twixt me and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt, ere they mollest! Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon!
If he were that which now hee's like, (that's dead,) 276
Whom I, with this obedient steele, (three inches of it,)
Can lay to bed for euer; whiles you, doing thus, [*Feigns to*
To the perpetuall winke, for aye might put *strike,*
This ancient morfell, this Sir *Prudence*, [*Points to GONZ.*] who
Should not vpbraide our course. For all the rest, 281
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke;
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We fay befits the houre.
Seb. Thy case, deere Friend, 284

265. *Brother*] Brothet F.

The Tempest.

Shall be my president : As thou got'st *Millaine*,
I'll come by *Naples* ! Draw thy sword ! one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st ;
And I the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together ! 288
And when I reare my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word ! [They talke apart.

Re-enter ARIELL, inuisible, with Muficke and Song.

Ariel. My Master (through his Art) foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in ; and sends me forth 293
(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

[Sings in GONZALOES eare.

*While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie* 296

His time doth take.

*If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware !*

Awake, awake ! 300

Ant. [to *Seb.*] Then let vs both be sodaine ! [They draw.

Gon. [waking] Now, good Angels preferue the King !

[Shakes ALONZ. & calls. The others wake.

Alo. Why, how now ? hoa ! awake ? why are you drawn ?
Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ? 304

Seb. Whiles we stood here, securing your repose,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons : did't not wake you ?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing. 308

Ant. O ! 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare !

To make an earthquake ! sure, it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons !

Alo. Heard you this, *Gonzalo* ?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming, 312
(And that a strange one too,) which did awake me :
I fhak'd you, Sir, and cride : as mine eyes open'd,

291. *They talke apart. Re-enter . . inuisible*] Enter Ariell F.

The Tempest.

I saw their weapons drawne : there was a noyse,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand vpon our guard, 316
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons! [*Draws.*

Alo. Lead off this ground, & let's make further search
For my poore soune!

Gon. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts! 320
For he is sure i'th Island.

Alo. Lead away! [*Exeunt.*

Ariell. *Prospero* (my Lord,) shall know what I haue done.
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son! [*Exit.* 323

Actus Secundus. Scœna Secunda.

Near PROSPEROES Cell.

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burthen of Wood. (A noyse of
Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp 1
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall! and make him,
By ynh-meale, a disease! His Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch, 4
Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor leade me (like a fire-brand) in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid 'em. But
For euery trifle, are they set vpon me; 8
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I 12
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse . . .

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, Lo!
Here comes a Spirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly! I'le fall flat; 16
Perchance he will not minde me. [*falls flat.*

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub, to beare off any
weather at all; and another Storme brewing; I heare it sing

321. *Exeunt* is after l. 323 in F.

The Tempest.

ith' winde. Yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, [20
lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his licquor. If
it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide
my head: yond same cloud cannot chooſe but fall by pail-
fuls. [*Sees CALIBAN.*] What haue we here? a man, or a [24
fiſh? dead or aliue? A fiſh! hee ſmells like a fiſh! a very
ancient and fiſh-like ſmell: a kinde of, not of the neweſt
Poore-Iohn! A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in *England* now, (as
once I was,) and had but this fiſh painted; not a holiday- [28
foole there but would giue a peece of ſiluer! There, would
this Monſter, make a man! Any ſtrange beaſt there, makes a
man! When they will not giue a doitt to relieue a lame Begger,
they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*! Leg'd like a [32
man! and his Finnes like Armes! Warme, o'my troth! I
doe now let looſe my opinion; hold it no longer; This is no
fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a Thunder-
bolt! [*Lightning, thunder & rain.*] Alas, the ſtorme is [36
come againe! my beſt way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine;
there is no ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with
ſtrange bedfellows. I will here ſhrowd, till the dregges of
the ſtorme be paſt. [*Creeps under CALIBANS gaberdine.* 40

*Enter STEPHANO ſinging, & holding a barke Bottle
of Sacke.*

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea,
Here ſhall I dye aſhore. . .*

This is a very ſcuruy tune to ſing at a mans Funerall: well,
here's my comfort! [*Drinks.*

[*Sings.*] *The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boate-ſwaine & I, 45
The Gunner, and his Mate,*

*Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie, 48
But none of vs car'd for Kate.*

*For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor 'goe hang!' 50*

*She lou'd not the fauour of Tar nor of Pitch;
Yet a Tailor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.*

Then, to Sea, Boyes! and let her goe hang! 53

This is a ſcuruy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me! oh!

II. ii. 20-55.]

The Tempest.

Ste. What's the matter? Haue we diuels here? Doe you put trickes vpon's, with Saluages, and Men of *Inde*? [57
Ha! I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges; for it hath bin said, 'As proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground;' and it shall be said so againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' nostrils. 61

Cal. The Spirit torments me! oh!

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs, who hath got (as I take it) an Ague. Where the diuell should he learne our language? I will giue him some reliefe, if [65
it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Present for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather!

Cal. Doe not torment me, 'prethee! I'll bring my wood home faster. 70

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wisest. Hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit. If I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly! 76

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon; I know it by thy trembling. Now *Prosper* workes vpon thee!

Ste. Come on your wayes! open your mouth! here is that which will giue language to you, Cat! Open your mouth! [Giues him wine.] This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly! you cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps againe! [Giues him more wine. 83

Tri. I should know that voyce: It should be . . . But hee is dround! and these are diuels: O defend me! 85

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces! a most delicate Monster! his forward voyce, now, is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague. Come! [Giues *Cal.* drink; then drinks himselfe.] Amen! I will poure some in thy other mouth. 91

Tri. *Stephano*!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a diuell, and no Monster! I will leaue him! I haue no long Spooner! 95

The Tempest.

Tri. *Stephano!* if thou bee'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me! for I am *Trinculo*; (be not afeard,) thy good friend *Trinculo*! 98

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*, come foorth! I'll pull thee by the leffer legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they. [*Pulls him out.*] Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede! how cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's*? 103

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok. But art thou not dround, *Stephano*? I hope, now, thou art not dround! Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme. And art thou liuing, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* escap'd! [*Whirls STEPH. round.*] 109

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about; my stomacke is not constant!

Cal. [*aside.*] These be fine things, and if they be not sprights! That's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor! I will kneele to him. 114

Ste. [*to TRINC.*] How did'st thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Sweare, by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither! I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o're-board, by this Bottle! which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'shore. 119

(*Cal.* I'll sweare, vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect; for the liquor is not earthly!)

St. [*to TRINC.*] Heere! sweare, then, how thou escap'dst.

Tri. Sworn ashore (man,) like a Ducke! I can swim like a Ducke, i'll be sworne! 124

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke! [*glues TRIN. drink.*] Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goofe!

Tri. O *Stephano*! ha'st any more of this? 127

Ste. The whole But (man!) My Cellar is in a rocke by th'sea-side, where my Wine is hid. ¶ How now, Moone-Calfe! how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen? 131

Ste. Out o'th Moone, I doe assure thee! I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue feene thee in her; and I doe adore thee! My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush. 135

II. ii. 96-135.]

The Tempest.

Ste. Come, sweare to that! kisse the Booke! I will furnith it anon with new Contents: Sweare! [*giues CAL. drink.*]

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster! I, afeard of him! a very weake Monster! 'The Man ith' Moone'! A most poore credulous Monster!—Well drawne, Monster, in good footh! 141

Cal. Ile shew thee euery fertill ynych 'oth Island;
And I will kisse thy foote: I prethee, be my god!

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster! When's god's a sleepe, he'll rob his Bottle. 145

Cal. Ile kisse thy foot. Ile sweare my selfe thy Subiect!

Ste. Come on then! downe, and sweare! [*CAL. kneels.*]

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster. A most scurvie Monster! I could finde in my heart to beate him 150

Ste. Come, kisse! [*CAL. kisses STE'S foot.*]

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke! An abhominable Monster! 153

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs! I'll plucke thee Berries!

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough!

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue!

I'll beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, 157
Thou wondrous man!

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster! to make a wonder of a poore drunkard!

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; 161

And I (with my long nayles) will digge thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a laves nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble Marmazet. I'll bring thee

To clustring Philbirts; and sometimes I'll get thee 165

Young Scamels from the Rocke. Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now, lead the way without any more talking! ¶ *Trinculo!* the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here. ¶ Heere, beare my Bottle! ¶ Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by againe. 170

CALIBAN Sings drunkenly.] Farewell, Master! farewell, farewell!

Tri. A howling Monster! a drunken Monster!

The Tempest.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing,
At requiring,* 175
*Nor scrape trenchering,
Nor wash dish!* 177
*Ban', ban', Ca . . calyban,
Has a new Master. Get a new Man!* 179

Freedome, high-day! high-day, freedome! freedome! high-day, freedome!

Ste. O braue Monster! lead the way! [Exeunt. 182

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Near PROSPEROES Cell.

Enter FERDINAND (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor, 1
Delight in them sets off: Some kindes of baseness
Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters
Point to rich ends. This, my meane Taske, 4
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures! O, She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed! 8
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remoue
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a fore iniunction. My sweet Mistris
Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, 'such basenes 12
Had neuer like Executor.' I forget!
But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,
Most busielest when I doe it.

Enter MIRANDA: and PROSPERO, behind, vnseene.

Mir. Alas, now! pray you,
Worke not so hard! I would the lightning had 16
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile!

2. sets] Rowe. set F. | busieliest Bullock conj. (it = 'em,
15. busielest] busie lest, F. | labours.)
II. ii. 173-182; III. i. 1-17.] 34

The Tempest.

Pray set it downe, and rest you! when this burnes,
 'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you. My Father
 Is hard at study; pray now, rest your selfe! 20
 Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistris!
 The Sun will set, before I shall discharge
 What I must striue to do.

Mir. If you'l sit downe,
 Ile beare your Logges the while. Pray giue me that! 24
 Ile carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious Creature!
 I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
 Then you should fuch dishonor vndergoe,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me 28
 As well as it do's you; and I should do it
 With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
 And yours it is against.

(Pro. Poore worme, thou art infected!
 This visitation shewes it.)

Mir. You looke wearily. 32

Fer. No, noble Mistris! 'tis fresh morning with me
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you
 (Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,) 36
 What is your name?

Mir. Miranda. [*Aside*] O my Father,
 I haue broke your heft to say so!

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*!
 Indeede the top of Admiration! worth
 What's deereft to the world! Full many a Lady 40
 I haue ey'd with best regard; and many a time,
 Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent eare: for feuerall vertues 44
 Haue I lik'd feuerall women; neuer any
 VVith so full soule, but some defect in her
 Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the foile. But you! O you,
 So perfect, and so peerlesse! are created 48

48. *peerlesse*] F2. *peetlesse* F.

The Tempest.

Of euerie Creatures best !

Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe ; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glasse, mine owne ; Nor haue I seene
More that I may call men, then you, good friend, 52
And my deere Father. How features are abroad,
I am skilleffe of ; but, by my modestie,
(The iewell in my dower,) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you : 56
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of ! But I prattle
Something too wildely ; and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition, 60
A Prince (*Miranda*) ; I do thinke, a King :
(I would not so !) and would no more endure
This wodden flauerie, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth. Heare my soule speake ! 64
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your seruice ; there resides,
To make me slaue to it ; and for your sake,
Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me ? 68
Fer. O heauen ! O earth ! beare witnes to this found,
And crowne what I professe, with kinde euent,
If I speake true ! if hollowly, inuert
VVhat best is boaded me, to mischiefe ! I 72
(Beyond all limit of what else i'th world)
Do loue, prize, honor you !

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.
(*Pro.* Faire encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heauens raine grace 76
On that which breeds betweene 'em !)

Fer. VVherefore weepe you ?
Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer
VVhat I desire to giue ; and much lesse take
VVhat I shall die to want : But this is trifling ! 80
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence, bashfull Cunning !
III. i. 49-82.] 36

The Tempest.

And prompt me, plaine and holy Innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marrie me ; 84
If not, Ile die your maid : to be your fellow,
You may denie me ; but Ile be your seruant,
VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Miftris (deereft !)
And I, thus humble euer. [Kneels to her.

Mir. My husband, then ? 88

Fer. I ! with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome : heere's my hand !

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't ! and now, farewell 91
Till halfe an houre hence !

Fer. A thoufand, thoufand ! [Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
VVho are furpriz'd with all ; but my reioycing,
At nothing can be more. Ile to my booke ; 95
For yet, ere fupper time, muft I performe
Much bufineffe appertaining. [Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Secunda.

Near STEPHANOES Rocke-Cellar, by th' Sea-side.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

Ste. Tell not me ! When the But is out, we will drinke
water ; not a drop before ! Therefore beare vp, & boord 'em.
¶ Seruant Monfter, drinke to me ! 3

Trin. 'Seruant Monfter' ! the folly of this Iland ! they
fay there's but fiue vpon this Ile ; we are three of them ; if
th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters ! 6

Ste. Drinke, feruant Monfter, when I bid thee ! thy eies
are almoft fet in thy head.

Trin. VVhere fhould they bee fet elfe ? hee were a braue
Monfter indeede, if they were fet in his taile ! 10

Ste. My man-Monfter hath drown'd his tongue in facke !
For my part, the Sea cannot drowne mee ; I fwam (ere I
could recouer the fhore,) fiue and thirtie Leagues off and on.
¶ By this light, thou fhalt bee my Lieutenant, (Monfter,) or
my Standard !¹ 15

¹ Ensign, Ancient, Standard-bearer.

The Tempest.

Trin. Your 'Lieutenant', if you list; hee's no 'standard'!

Ste. VVee'l not run, Monsieur Monster!

Trin. Nor go,¹ neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither. 19

Ste. Moone-calfe! speak once in thy life, if thou bee't a good Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe! He not serve him; he is not valiant. 23

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant Monster! I am in case to ruffle a Constable. Why, thou devious'd Fish, thou! was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster? 28

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me! Wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trin. 'Lord', quoth he! that a Monster should be such a Naturall! 32

Cal. Loe, loe, againe! bite him to death, I prethee!

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head! If you prove a mutineere; the next Tree! The poore Monster's my subiect; and he shall not suffer indignity. 36

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord! Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneele, and repeate it! I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*. 40

Enter ARIELL, inuisible.

Cal. [*kneeling*] As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant, a Sorcerer, that (by his cunning) hath cheated me of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest!

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey, thou! 44
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee!
I do not lye!

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth. 48

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more! ¶ Proceed!

Cal. I say, by Sorcery he got this Isle:

¹ go = walk.

The Tempest.

From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will 52
Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st,
But this Thing [*points to TRINC.*] dare not,) . . .

Ste. That's most certaine!

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee. 56

Ste. How now shall this be compast? Canst thou bring
me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord! Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,
Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head. 60

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not!

Cal. [*points to TRINC.*] What a py'de Ninnie's this!
Thou scuruy patch!

[*To STEPH.*] I do beseech thy Greatnesse, giue him blowes,
And take his bottle from him! When that's gone, 64
He shall drinke nought but brine; for Ile not shew him
Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo!* run into no further danger! Interrupt the
Monster one word further, and, by this hand, Ile turne my
mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfish of thee! 69

Trin. Why! what did I? I did nothing! Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest! 72

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that! [*Strikes TRINC.*] As you
like this, giue me the lye another time! 74

Trin. I did not giue the lie! Out o'your wittes, and
hearing too? A pox o'your bottle! this, can Sacke and
drinking doo! A murren on your Monster, and the diuell
take your fingers! 78

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now forward with your Tale! ¶ Prethee, stand further
off!

Cal. Beate him enough! after a little time
Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther! ¶ Come, proceede! 83

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him,
I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
(Hauing first seiz'd his bookes;) Or, with a logge,
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, 87
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possesse his Bookes; for without them,

The Tempest.

Hee's but a Sot, as I am ; nor hath not
One Spirit to command : they all do hate him 91
As rootedly as I ! Burne but his Bookes !
He ha's braue 'Vtenfils,' (for so he calles them,)
Which, when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.
And that most deeply to consider, is 95
The beautie of his daughter : he himfelfe
Cals her a 'non-pareill' : I neuer saw a woman,
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she ;
But she as farre furpasseth *Sycorax*, 99
As great't do's leaft.

Ste. Is it so braue a Laffe ?

Cal. I, Lord ! she will become thy bed, I warrant !
And bring thee forth braue brood. 102

Ste. Monster ! I will kill this man ! his daughter and I
will be King and Queene ! (saue our Graces !) and *Trinculo*
and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes. ¶ Dost thou like the plot,
Trinculo ? 106

Trin. Excellent !

Ste. Giue me thy hand ! I am sorry I beate thee ; but,
while thou liu'ft, keepe a good tongue in thy head !

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe : 110
Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. I, on mine honour !

(*Ariell.* This, will I tell my Master.)

Cal. [*rises*] Thou mak'ft me merry ! I am full of pleasure !
Let vs be iocund ! Will you trouble the Catch 114
You taught me but whileare ?

Ste. At thy request, Monster, I will do reason ; any reason.
Come on, *Trinculo* ! let vs sing ! 117

Sings.

Flout'em, and cout'em ! and skowt'em, and flout'em !
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune !

[*ARIELL* plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.]

Ste. What is this same ? 121

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by 'the picture
of No-body.'

III. ii. 90-123.]

The Tempest.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes!
If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list! 125

Trin. O, forgiue me my sinnes!

Ste. He that dies, payes all debts: I defie thee! Mercy
vpon vs!

Cal. Art thou affeard? 129

Ste. No, Monster! not I!

Cal. Be not affeard! the Isle is full of noyses,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight, and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments 133
Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds (methought) would open, and shew riches 137
Ready to drop vpon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me, where I
shall haue my Musicke for nothing. 141

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away;
Lets follow it; and after, do our worke! 145

Ste. Leade, Mouster! Wee'l follow! I would I could
see this Taborer! He layes it on.

Trin. [to *CAL.*] Wilt come? ¶ Ile follow, *Stephano*!
[*Exeunt; the music playing before them.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, GONZALLO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, &c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir; 1
My old bones akes! here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth¹-rights, & Meanders! By your patience,
I needes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord! I cannot blame thee, 4
Who am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse,
To th'dulling of my spirits. Sit downe, and rest!

¹ *fourth* = forth.

The Tempest.

Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: He is droun'd 8

Whom thus we fray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well! let him goe! [hope:

Ant. [*aside to SEB.*] I am right glad, that he's so out of
Doe not (for one repulse) forgoe the purpose 12
That you resolu'd t'effect!

Seb. [*aside to ANT.*] The next aduantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. [*aside to SEB.*] Let it be to night!
For now they are oppres'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vse such vigilance 16
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*aside to ANT.*] I say, to night! no more!

*Solemne and strange Musicke: and PROSPER on the top (in-
uifible:) Enter feuerall strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet;
and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations; and,
inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.*

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke!

Gon. Maruellous sweet Musicke!

Al. Giue vs kind keepers, heauens! what were these? 20

Seb. A liuing Drolerie! Now I will beleeeue
That there are Vnicornes; that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne; one Phœnix
At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleeeue both! 24

And what do's else want credit, come to me,
And Ile be sworne 'tis true! Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I should report this now, would they beleeeue me? 28

If I should say I saw such Islanders,
(For certes, these are people of the Island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of 32
Our humane generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any.

29. *Islanders*] F2. Islands F. (But E.E. 'prisons' often means
'prisoners.') 17-18. The stage-direction follows 'fresh' in F1.

The Tempest.

(*Pro.* [*aside*] Honest Lord,
Thou hast said well! for some of you there present,
Are worse then duels.)

Al. I cannot too much muse 36
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe discourse.

(*Pro.* 'Praise in departing'! ¹⁾
Fr. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since 40
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue stomacks.
¶ Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Al. Not I!
Gon. Faith, Sir, you neede not feare! When wee were Boyes,
Who would beleue that there were Mountayneeres, 44
Dew-lapt like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we finde
Each putter out of five for one, ² will bring vs 48
Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,
Although my last. No matter, since I feele
The best is past. ³ ¶ Brother! my Lord, the Duke!
Stand to, and doe as we! 52

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIELL (*like a Harpy*); *claps*
his wings vpon the Table, and, with a quaint device, the
Banquet vanishes.

Ar. [*to AL., SEB., ANT.*] You are three men of sinne,
whom Destiny,
(That hath, to instrument, this lower world,
And what is in't,) the neuer surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island, 56
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne

¹ Praise when all's ended!

² At the rate of 5 for 1.

³ The couplet-rhymes, as well as
the pauses, run-on into the centre

of the line. Cp. I. i. 51-2; IV. i.
123-4.

52. *to*] too F.

52-3. *quaint*] quaint F.

The Tempest.

Their proper felues., [ALON., SEB., ANT. *draw their Swords*]
 You fooles ! I and my fellowes 60
 Are ministers of Fate. The Elements
 Of whom your fwords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud windes, or, with bemockt-at-Stabs,
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish 64
 One dowe¹ that's in my plume : My fellow ministers
 Are like-invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your fwords are now too massie for your strengths,
 And will not be vplifted. [ALON., SEB., ANT. *droop their*
Swords.] But remember, 68
 (For that's my businesse to you,) that you three
 From *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero*,
 Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
 Him, and his innocent childe : for which foule deed, 72
 The Powres, delaying, (not forgetting,) haue
 Incens'd the Seas and Shores, yea, all the Creatures,
 Against your peace : ¶ Thee, of thy Sonne, *Alonso*,
 They haue bereft ; and doe pronounce by me, 76
 ' Lingring perdition (worfe then any death
 ' Can be at once) shall, step by step, attend
 ' You, and your wayes ; whose wraths to guard you from,
 ' (Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals 80
 ' Vpon your heads,) is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
 ' And a cleere life ensuing.'

He vanishes in Thunder : then, (to soft Musicke,) Enter the
Shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes), and
carrying out the Table.

(Pro. Brauely, the figure of this *Harpie*, hast thou
 Perform'd, my *Ariell* ! a grace it had, deuouring : 84
 Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou had'st to say : so, with good life,
 And obseruation strange, my meaner ministers 87
 Their feuerall kindes haue done. My high charmes work ;
 And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp
 In their distractions : they now are in my powre ;
 And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit

¹ dowe = downy feather.

65. *plume*] Rowe. plumbe F.

The Tempest.

Yong *Ferdinand*, (whom they suppose is droun'd,) 92
And his, and mine, lou'd darling.) [*Exit from above.*]

Gon. [*to ALON.*] I'th name of something holy, Sir, why
stand you
In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it; 96
The windes did sing it to me; and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper*: it did base¹ my Trespasse.
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and 100
I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet founded,
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore!

Ant. Ile be thy Second!
[*Exeunt SEB. & ANT.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt 104
(Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits. I doe beseech you,
(That are of suppler ioynts,) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie 108
May now prouoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Near PROSPEROES Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I haue too austereely punish'd you, 1
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe, 4
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heauen;
I ratifie this my rich guilt. O *Ferdinand*! 8
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,²

¹ *base* = speak with a deep bass voice.

² *of* = off.

The Tempest.

For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise,
And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleue it, 12
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guesst, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter! But
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before 16
All sanctimonious ceremonies may,
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet asperision shall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd diffaine, and discord, shall bestrew 20
The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly,
That you shall hate it both! Therefore take heede,
As *Hymens* Lamps shall light you!

Fer. As I hope 24
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such loue as 'tis now,—the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion
Our worser *Genius* can, shall neuer melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away 28
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke!
Sit then, and talke with her! she is thine owne! 32

[*FER. & MIR. talke apart.*]
(¶ What! *Ariell*! my industrious seruant *Ariell*!)

Enter ARIELL.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am!

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
Did worthily performe; and I must vse you 36
In such another trick. Goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place!
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple 40
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

IV. i. 10-42.]

The Tempest.

<i>Pro.</i> I! with a twincke!	
<i>Ar.</i> Before you can say 'come, and goe,'	44
And breathe twice, and cry, 'fo, fo':	
Each one, tripping on his Toe,	
Will be here with mop and mowe.	
Doe you loue me, Maſter? no?	48
<i>Pro.</i> Dearely! my delicate <i>Ariell</i> ! Doe not approach	
Till thou do'ſt heare me call.	
<i>Ar.</i> Well: I conceiue.) [<i>Exit.</i>	
<i>Pro.</i> [<i>to FER.</i>] Looke thou be true! doe not giue dalliance	
Too much the raigne! the ſtrongeſt oathes, are ſtraw	52
To th'fire ith' blood. Be more abſtemious,	
Or elſe, good night your vow!	
<i>Fer.</i> I warrant you, Sir!	
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart,	
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.	
<i>Pro.</i> Well!	56
(¶ Now, come, my <i>Ariell</i> ! bring a Corolary, ¹	
Rather then want a Spirit! Appear, & pertly! ²) [<i>Soft muſick.</i>	
¶ No tongue! all eyes! be ſilent!	59
<i>Enter IRIS.</i>	
<i>Ir.</i> <i>Ceres</i> , moſt bounteous Lady! thy rich Leas	
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peaſe;	61
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, (where liue nibling Sheepe,	
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe;)	63
Thy bankes with pionēd and twillēd brims,	
(Which ſpungie Aprill, at thy heſt, betrimms,	65
To make cold Nymphes chaſt crownes;) & thy broome-groues,	
(Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſēd Batchelor loues,	67
Being laſſe-lorne;) thy pole-clipt vineyard;	
And thy Sea-marge ſtirrile, and rockey-hard,	69
Where thou thy ſelfe do'ſt ayre: the Queene o'th Skie	
(Whoſe watry Arch, and meſſenger, am I)	71
Bids thee leaue theſe; & with her ſoueraigne grace,	
Here on this graſſe-plot, in this very place,	73
To come, and ſport: Her Peacocks flye amaine:	
Approach, rich <i>Ceres</i> , her to entertaine!	75

53. *abstemious*] abſtenious F.
¹ *Corolary* = extra number.

² *pertly* = openly.
 74. *her*] F2. here F.

The Tempest.

Re-enter ARIELL as CERES.

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter* ! 77
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres ; 79
And, with each end of thy blew bowe, do'st crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnthrubb downe, 81
Rich scarph to my proud earth : Why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene ? 83

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate ;
And some donation, freely to estate 85
On the bles'd Louers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne (as thou do'st know) 87
Doe now attend the Queene ! Since they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got, 89
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
I haue forfworne.

Ir. Of her societie,
Be not afraid ! I met her deitie 92
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos* ; and her Son
Doue-drawn with her. Here thought they to haue done 94
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, ' that no bed-right shall be paid, 96
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted : but in vaine ;
Marfes hot Minion is returnd againe ; 98
Her waspish-headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows, 100
And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Higheft Queene of State,
Great *Iuno*, comes ! I know her by her gate. 102

IUNO descends.

Iu. How do's my bounteous sifter ? Goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be, 104
And honour in their Issue ! [*They Sing.*

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing, 107

102-3. *Iuno descends*] F. after 'grace', l. 72, p. 341.

The Tempest.

- Hourly ioyes, be still vpon you !*
Iuno sings her blessings on you. 109
- Ceres.** *Earths increafe, foyxon plentie,*
Barnes and Garners, neuer empty, 111
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing : 113
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Haruest ! 115
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you. 117
- Fer.** This is a most maiesticke vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly ! May I be bold
 To thinke these spirits ?
- Pro.** Spirits, which (by mine Art)
 I haue, from their confines, call'd to enact 121
 My present fancies.
- Fer.** Let me liue here euer !
 So rare a wondred Father, and a wife,
 Makes this place Paradiſe.
- [*IUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.*]
- Pro.** Sweet now, silence !
Iuno and Ceres whisper seriously ; 125
 There's something else to doe : hush, and be mute !
 Or else our spell is mar'd.
- Re-enter IRIS.*
- Iris.** You Nymphs, cald *Nayades*, of y^e windring brooks,
 With your sedg'd crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes, 129
 Leaue your crispe channels, and on this greene-Land
 Answere your summons ! *Iuno* do's command ! 131
 Come, temperate Nymphes, and helpe to celebrate
 A Contract of true Lone ! be not too late ! 133
- Enter Certaine Nymphes.*
- ¶ You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen, of August weary,
 Come bether from the furrow, and be merry ! 135
 Make holly-day ! your Rye-straw hats put on,

113. *with*] wth F.

123. *wise*] F. Some copies *wife*.
 Rowe, Cam. A ryme is evidently

meant.

124. *Iuno* . . .] F, after l. 127.

The Tempest.

And these fresh Nymphs encounter, every one, 137
In Country footing!

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited :) they ioyne with the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance; towards the end whereof, PROSPERO starts sodainly, and speakes; after which, to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [aside] I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast *Calliban*, and his confederates,
Against my life! the minute of their plot [more!]
Is almost come. [To the Spirits] Well done! auoid! no

Fer. This is strange! your father's in some passion,
That workes him strongly.

Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd! 145

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd fort,
As if you were dismaid: Be cheerefull, Sir!
Our Reuels now are ended. These our actors
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and 149

Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And, like the baselesse fabricke of this vision,
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe, 153

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
And, (like this insubstantiall Pageant faded,)
Leaue not a racke behinde. We are such stufte
As dreames are made on; and our little life 157

Is rounded with a sleepe. Sir, I am vext:
Beare with my weakenesse! My old braine is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie!
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell, 161

And there repose! A turne or two, Ile walke,
To still my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We with your peace!

Pro. ([to **ARI.**] Come with a thought!) [*To FER.*] I thank
thee! [*Exeunt FER. & MIR.*] ¶ *Ariell!* Come! 164

Re-enter ARIELL.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to. What's thy pleasure?

164. *Exeunt . . . Mir.*] Exit F (after l. 163).

The Tempest.

Pro. Spirit!
We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.
Ar. I, my Commander! When I presented *Ceres*,
I thought to haue told thee of it; but I fear'd 168
Least I might anger thee.
Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?
Ar. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre 172
For breathing in their faces; beate the ground
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect. Then I beate my Tabor,
At which (like vnback't colts) they prickt their eares, 176
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses,
As they smelt musicke; so I charm'd their eares,
That, Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking goffe, & thorns, 180
Which entred their fraile thins: at last, I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-struck their feet.
Pro. This was well done, my bird! 184
Thy shape inuisible, retaine thou still!
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither,
For stale to catch these theeuers!
Ar. I go, I goe! [*Exit.*]
Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill! on whose nature, 188
Nurture can neuer flicke! on whom my paines,
(Humanely taken,) all, all lost, quite lost!
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers. I will plague them all, 192
Euen to roaring!

Re-enter ARIELL, (loaden with glistering apparell, &c.)
¶ Come, hang them on this line!
[*PROS. & AR. become inuisible.*]

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.
Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blinde Mole may not
heare a foot fall! we now are neere his Cell! 195

193. *them on*] on them F.

The Tempest.

St. Monster! your Fairy, which you say is a harmles Fairy, has done little better then plaid the *Iacke*¹ with vs. 197

Trin. Monster! I do smell all horfe-pisse, at which, my nose is in great indignation. 199

Ste. So is mine! Do you heare, Monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, Looke you . . .

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil! 203

Be patient! for the prize Ile bring thee to,
Shall budwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly!
All's hush as midnight, yet.

Trin. I, but to loofe our bottles in the Poole! 207

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that,
Monster, but an infinite losse!

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting: Yet this is your
'harmlesse Fairy,' Monster! 211

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o're eares for
my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee, (my King,) be quiet! Seest thou heere?
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter! 215

Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for euer, and I, thy *Caliban*,

For aye thy foot-licker! 218

Ste. Giue me thy hand! I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. [*seeing the glistering Apparell.*] O King *Stephano*!
O Peere!² O worthy *Stephano*! Looke what a wardrobe
heere is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou foole! it is but trafh. 223

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster! wee know what belongs to a
frippery.³ O King *Stephano*! [*Takes the finest Gowne.*

Ste. Put off that gowne, *Trinculo*! By this hand, Ile haue
that gowne! 227

Tri. Thy Grace shall haue it. [*Giues it him.*

Cal. The dropfie drowne this foole! [*To STE.*] What doe
you meane,

To doate thus on such luggage? Let's⁴ alone,

¹ *Iacke* = Jack-a-lantern.

² Alluding to a verse of the old
song, 'Take thy old cloak about
thee,' which began, 'King Stefen

was a worthy peer.'

³ *frippery*, old-clothes shop.

⁴ *Let's* = Let's on.

The Tempest.

And doe the murther first! If he awake, 231
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange stufte.

Ste. Be you quiet, Monster! ¶ Mistris line! is not this my Ierkin? [*Pulls it off the line.*] Now is the Ierkin vnder the line! Now, Ierkin, you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe! we steale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that iest; heer's a garment for't! Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this [240 Country. 'Steale by line and leuell,' is an excellent paffe of pate! There's another garment for't. [*Glues TRINC. another.*

Tri. Monster! come put some Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the rest. 244

Cal. I will haue none on't! We shall loose our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes With foreheads villanous low. 247

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers! helpe to beare this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome! goe to! carry this! 250

Tri. And this!

Ste. I, and this!

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits, in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them (STE., TRI., CAL.) about: PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountaine! hey!

Ari. Siluer! there it goes, Siluer!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! harke, harke!

[*STE., TRI., CAL. are hunted out.*

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their sinewes With agèd Cramps; & more pinch-spotted make them, 258 Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine! [*Cries within.*

Ari. Harke! they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly! At this houre,

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt haue the ayre at freedome. For a little,

Follow, and doe me seruice!

[*Exeunt.*

The Tempest.

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Before PROSPEROES Cell.

Enter PROSPERO (in his Magicke robes), and ARIEL.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head :
My charmes cracke not ; my Spirits obey ; and Time 1
Goes vpright with his carriage.¹ How's the day ?

Ar. On the fixt hower ; at which time, my Lord, 4
You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd THE TEMPEST. Say, my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers ?

Ar. Confin'd together,
In the same fashon, as you gaue in charge, 8
Iust as you left them ; all prisoners, Sir,
In the Line-groue which weather-fends your Cell :
They cannot boudge till your release. The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ; 12
And the remainder, mourning ouer them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, Sir, ' the good old Lord Gonzallo ; '
His teares runs downe his beard, like winters drops 16
From eaues of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit ?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall ! 20
Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe
(One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharply,
Passion as they) be kindlier mou'd then thou art ? 24
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Doe I take part : the rarer Action is
In Vertue, then in Vengeance : they, being penitent, 28
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

¹ carriage = burden.

The Tempest.

Not a frowne further. Goe, releafe them, *Ariell*!
My Charmes Ile breake, their fences Ile reftore,
And they fhall be themfelues.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir! [*Exit.* 32]

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, ftanding lakes, & groues!¹
And ye, that on the fands with printlefle foote
Doe chafe the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes backe! You demy-Puppets, that 36
By Moone-fhine doe the greene fowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites! And you, whose paftime
Is to make midnight-Mufhrumps, that reioyce
To heare the folemne Curfewe; by whose ayde, 40
(Weake Mafters though ye be,) I haue bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault,
Set roaring warre! To the dread ratling Thunder 44
Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* ftowt Oke
With his owne Bolt: The ftroong baf'd promontorie
Haue I made fhake, and by the fpurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar: Graues (at my command) 48
Haue wak'd their fleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my fo potent Art. But this rough Magicke,
I heere abiure! And when I haue requir'd
Some heavenly Muficke, (which euen now I do,) 52
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my ftaffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And, deeper then did euer Plummet found, 56
Ile drowne my booke.—

[*Solemne muficke.* **PROSP.** *makes a Magick Circle.*

*Heere enters ARIEL before: Then ALONSO with a franticke
gefture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTHONIO
in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: They
all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there
ftand charm'd: which PROSPERO obferuing, fpeakes:*

A folemne Ayre, and the beft comforter
To an vnftetled fancie, Cure thy braines

¹ The invocation runs on to l. 44.

The Tempest.

(Now vſeſſe) boild within thy ſkull ! [To *Alſo.* & the reſt.]

There ſtand !

For you are Spell-ftopt.

¶ Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man !

Mine eyes, ev'n ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. (The charme diſſolues apace, 64

And, as the morning ſteales vpon the night,
Melting the darkeneſſe, ſo their riſing fences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their cleerer reaſon.) O good *Gonzallo*, 68

My true preferuer, and a loyall Sir

To him thou follow'ſt ! I will pay thy graces

Home both in word, and deede. ¶ Moſt cruelly
Did thou, *Alonſo*, vſe me, and my daughter : 72

Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act.

¶ Thou art pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian* ! ¶ Fleſh, and bloud ;

You, brother mine ! that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature ; who, with *Sebastian*, 76

(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong,) 76

Would heere haue kill'd your King : I do forgiue thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art. (Their vnderſtanding
Begins to ſwell ; and the approaching tide 80

Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore

That now lyes ſoule, and muddy. Not one of them

That yet lookes on me, or would know me !¹⁾ ¶ *Ariell* !
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell ! 84

I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelfe preſent

As I was ſometime *Millaine*. Quickly, Spirit !

Thou ſhalt ere long be free. 87

[*ARIELL ſings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the Bee fucks, there fuck I ;

In a Cowſlips bell, I lie ;

There I crouch when Owles doe crie ;

On the Batts backe I doe flie

after Sommer merrily. 92

Merrily, merrily, ſhall I liue now,

Vnder the bloſſom that hangs on the Bow ! 94

60. *boild*] Pope. boile F.

75. *entertain'd*] F2. entertaine F.

76. *who*] Rowe. whom F.

82. *lyes*] ly F. lies F3.

¹ if he did look on me.

The Tempest.

Pro. Why! that's my dainty *Ariell*! I shall misse thee;
But yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so!
To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art!
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe 98
Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pre'thee!

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne 102
Or ere your pulse twice beate. [Exit.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King, 106
The wrong'd Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero*!
For more assurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where¹ thou bee'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I haue beene,) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee, 114
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
(I feare) a madnesse held me: this must craue
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat 118
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how shold *Prospero*
Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. [to *GONZ.*] First, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be meafur'd, or confin'd!

Gonz. Whether this be, 122
Or be not, I'll not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtleties o'th'Isle, that will not let you
Beleeue things certaine. ¶ Wellcome, my friends all!
([Aside to *SEB. & ANTH.*] But you, my brace of Lords, were
I so minded, 126

¹ *Where* = whether.

124. *not*] F3. 112. *trifle*] trifle F.
nor F.

The Tempest.

I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you
And iustifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [aside] The Diuell speakes in him!

Pro. No! 129

[*To ANTH.*] For you, (most wicked Sir,) whom to call 'brother,'
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankest fault; all of them! and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou bee'st *Prospero*, 134
Giue vs particulars of thy preferuation;
How thou hast met vs heere, (whom three howres since
Were wrackt vpon this shore,) where I haue lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!) 138
My deere sonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir!

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke 142
You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace,
For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

Alo. You 'the like losse'?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and suppoortable 146
To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue lost my daughter.

Alo. A 'daughter'?

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Naples*,
The King and Queene there! that they were, I wish 150
My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my sonne lies! When did you loose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceiue, these Lords 154
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth, their words
Are naturall breath. But, howsoeuer you haue

The Tempest.

Beene iustled from your fences, know for certain 158
 That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
 Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely
 Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed,
 To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this, 162
 For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir!
 This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants, 166
 And Subiects none abroad: pray you, looke in!
 My Dukedome, since you haue giuen me againe,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170
 As much, as me my Dukedome.

[Here *PROSPERO* discouers *FERDINAND* and *MIRANDA*,
 playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord! you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest loue!

I would not for the world! 173

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should wrangle,
 And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this proue
 A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
 Shall I twice loose.

Seb. A most high miracle! 177

Fer. Though the Seas threaten, they are mercifull,
 I haue curs'd them without cause. [Kneels to *ALON.*

Alo. Now all the blessings
 Of a glad father, compassse thee about!
 Arise! and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder! 181

How many goodly creatures are there heere!
 How beauteous mankinde is! O braue new world,
 That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee. 184

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play?

Your eld'ft acquaintance cannot be three houres:

Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,

And brought vs thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall; 188

The Tempest.

But, by immortall providence, she's mine.
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduise; nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*, 192
Of whom so often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer saw before; of whom I haue
Receiu'd a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers! 196
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childe forgiueneffe!

Pro. There, Sir, stop!
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heauineffe that's gon!

Gon. I haue inly wept, 200
Or should haue spoke ere this.—Looke downe, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne!
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

Alo. I say 'Amen,' *Gonzallo*! 204

Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O, reioyce
Beyond a common ioy! and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage, 208
Did *Claribell*, her husband finde at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost; *Prospero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Isle; and all of vs, our felues, 212
When no man was his owne.

Alo. [*to FER. & MIR.*] Giue me your hands!
Let grieve and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not with you ioy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIELL, with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly following.

O, looke, Sir! looke, Sir! here is more of vs! 216
I prophesi'd, 'if a Gallows were on Land,
This fellow could not drowne.' [*To Boats.*] Now, Blasphemy,
That swear't Grace ore-board, not an oath on shore?

The Tempest.

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the newes? 220

Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found
Our King, and company. The next: our Ship
(Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split)
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when 224
We first put out to Sea.

(*Ar.* [*aside to PROS.*] Sir, all this seruice
Haue I done since I went!

Pro. [*aside to ARL.*] My tricksey Spirit!

Alo. These are not naturall euent; they strengthen
From frange to franger. Say, how came you hither? 228

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strine to tell you: We were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches;
Where, but euen now, with frange and feuerall noyses 232
(Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible,)
We were awak'd; straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld 236
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, to please you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

(*Ar.* [*aside to PROS.*] Was't well done? 240

Pro. [*aside to ARL.*] Brauely, (my Diligence!) thou shalt
be free!)

Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod;
And there is in this businesse, more then Nature
Was euer conduct of: some Oracle 244
Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige!
Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangeness of this businesse; at pickt leisure,
(Which shall be shortly,) single, I'll resolute you 248
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery
These happend accidents; till when, be cheerefull,
And thinke of each thing well! ([*Aside to ARL.*] Come
hither, Spirit! 251

236. *her*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). our F.

The Tempest.

Set *Caliban*, and his companions free!
Vntye the Spell!) [*Exit ARIEL.*] ¶ How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not. 255

*Re-enter ARIELL, driuing in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and
TRINCULO, in their stolne Apparell.*

Ste. Every man thift for all the rest, and let no man take
care for himselfe; for all is but fortune! ¶ *Coragio*, Bully-
Monster, *Corasfo*! ¹

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly fight! 260

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be braue Spirits indeede!
How fine my Master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my Lord *Anthonio*? 264
Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like! one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords!
Then say if they be true. This mishapen knaue: 268
(His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controle the Moone, make flowes and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power.)
These three haue robd me; and this demy-diuell 272
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these Fellowes, you
Must know, and owne; this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch't to death! 276

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now. Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em? 280
¶ How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a 'pickle' since I saw you last, that
(I feare me) will neuer out of my bones! I shall not feare
fly-blowing. 284

¹ *Corasio* is kept to show the stage pronunciation, *Corashio*.
V. i. 252-284.] 62

The Tempest.

Seb. Why! how now, *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not! I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp!

Pro. You'd be King o'the Isle, Sirha?

Ste. I should haue bin a fore one, then. 288

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

[*Points to CALIBAN.*]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his shape. [*To CAL.*] Goe, Sirha, to my Cell!

Take with you your Companions! As you looke 292

To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely!

Cal. I, that I will! and Ile be wise hereafter,
And seeke for grace. What a thrice double Affe 295

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, [*Points to STEPH.*]

And worship this dull foole!

Pro. Goe to! away! 297

Alo. Hence! and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt CAL., STEPH. & TRINC.*]

Pro. Sir! I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell, where you shall take your rest 301

For this one night; which (part of it) Ile waste

With such discourse, as (I not doubt) shall make it

Goe quicke away: (The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by 305

Since I came to this Isle:) And in the morne

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized, 309

And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where

Euery third thought shall be my graue.

Alo. I long

To heare the story of your life; which must

Take the eare strangely.

Pro. I'll deliuer all, 313

And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,

And faile so expeditious, that shall catch [chicke!

Your Royall fleete farre off. ([*Aside to ARI.*] My *Ariel*!

That is thy charge: Then to the Elements

Be free, and fare thou well!) ¶ Please you draw neere! 318

[*Exeunt omnes. Manet PROSPERO.*]

309. *belou'd*] belou'd F.

313. *strangely*] strangely F.

The Tempest.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by PROSPERO.

NOW my Charms are all ore-throwne ;
And what strength I haue, 's mine owne, 320
Which is most faint : Now, 'tis true,
I must be heere confinde by you, 322
Or sent to Naples. Let me not
(Since I haue my Dukedome got, 324
And pardon'd the deceiuer) dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell ; 326
But release me from my bands,
With the helpe of your good hands ! 328
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my proiect failes, 330
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, Art to inchant ; 332
And my ending is despaire,
Vnlesse I be relieu'd by praier, 334
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults. 336
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free ! [Exit. 338

[The Names of the Actors follow. See it, enlarg'd, on p. 294, abuv.]

FINIS.

NOTES.

- p. 3, I. i. 63. *firs* = furze. Cp. Cotgrave's '*Genest espineux*. Furses, Whinnes, Gorse, Thorne-broome.
- p. 5, I. ii. 41. "*Out* (= fully) three yeeres old." In a small Qo, 1601, called *The Worlde, or An historicall description of the most famous kingdomes*, etc. Translated into English and enlarged by some one who in his dedication of the volume signs himself *I. R.*, I have found an apt instance of this use of the word *out*. In his description of Venice, p. 95, the author says—"in their Arsnall they maintaine *out* 200. gallies," etc.—P. A. Daniel.
- p. 6, I. ii. 81. *trash*, cut off.
- p. 6, I. ii. 100. *into* = unto.
- p. 9, I. ii. 181. *I finde my Zenith*, etc.
- These lines recall the famous ones of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*—
- "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."—IV. iii. 216-19.
- p. 21, II. i. 82. *the miraculous Harpe* ; Amphion's.
- p. 23, II. i. 144-9. mainly from Florio's *Montaigne*. He is describing nations cald 'barbarous,' but in fact obeying Nature : "The lawes of *nature* doe yet command them . . . me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not only *exceed* all the pictures wherewith licentious Poesie hath proudly embellished the *golden age* . . . but also the conception and desire of Philosophy. It is a nation . . . that hath *no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie ; no use of service, of riches or of povertie, no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle ; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle*. The very words that import lying, falshood, *treason* . . . were never heard of amongst them." Booke I, chap. 30, p. 102, ed. 1632.
- p. 33, II. ii. 166. *Scamels* : The only use of *scamel* now known is for the name of the bartailed godwit, *Limosa Lapponica*, in Norfolk : and that does not seem to give the meaning required here.
- p. 34, III. i. 15. *it*—refers to labours. The use of 'it' instead of 'them' occurs in the following side-note to the Spanish word '*Socorros*' : "Succors or lendings which they give soldiers when there is no paie, and when the paie comes they take it off."—In Minsheu's *Spanish Dialogues and Grammar*, 1599, p. 59.
- p. 37, III. ii. 4, 5. *Iland* (A. Sax. *igland*) : *Isle* (Fr. *isle*).

Notes.

- p. 40, III. ii. 118. *cout*: the same as *skout* without the intensive *s*.
- p. 43, III. iii. 48. *five for one*: this was the danger-rate of the time. A traveller, before starting on a risky voyage, paid £100 to a money-lender, on condition that if he returned he should have £500. See Fynes Morison's *Itinerary*, &c. If the passage is to be emended, read *at for of*.
- p. 46, IV. i. 15-22. Does Shakspeare speak his own experience here?
- p. 53, IV. i. 237-8. As we don't know the date when the sailors' practise of shaving men, and playing other rough tricks, on crossing the Equator, began, the allusion here must be to the loss of men's hair from the great heat, and fevers caught, under the Line: see Edwards' MSS. note in *Variorum*, 1821. Mr. P. A. Daniel writes: Hear what Dr. Peter Kolben says of his experience—"For my own Part, blessed be God, I pass'd the *Line* in perfect Health, without any Ailment whatever; only I lost my Hair entirely, and became quite bald;" etc., p. 13, *The Present State of the Cape of Good Hope*, etc. *Written originally in High German by Peter Kolben, A.M. Done into English by Mr. [Guido] Medley, 1731.* Kolben made the voyage in 1705.
- p. 58, V. i. 145. *as late*, lately-happened, recent.
- p. 63, V. i. 309. Folio 'belou'd' may be kept, etc. 'solémnized' pronounst as in *L. L. Lost*, II. i. 42.

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